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# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BEWARE...  
THE HULK!

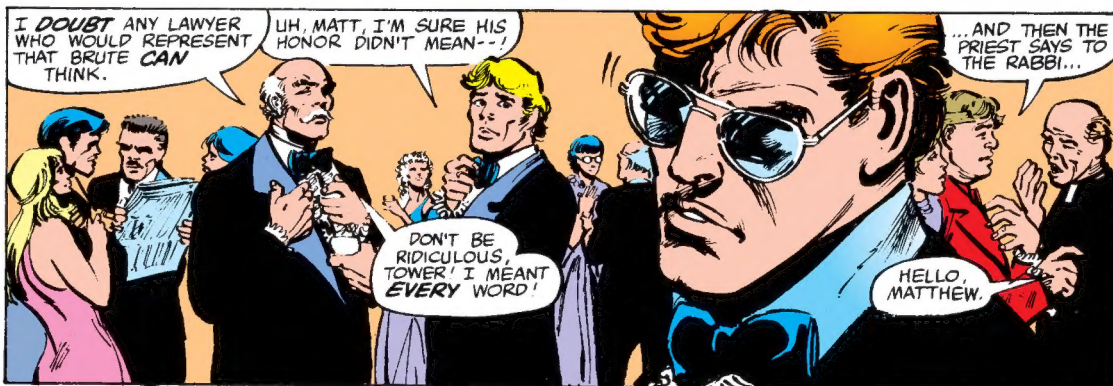
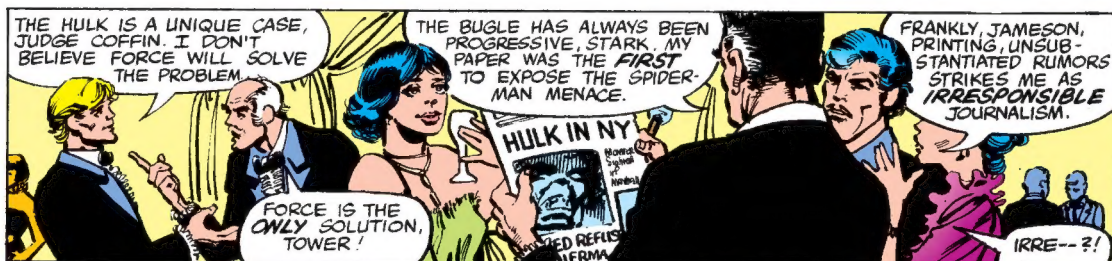
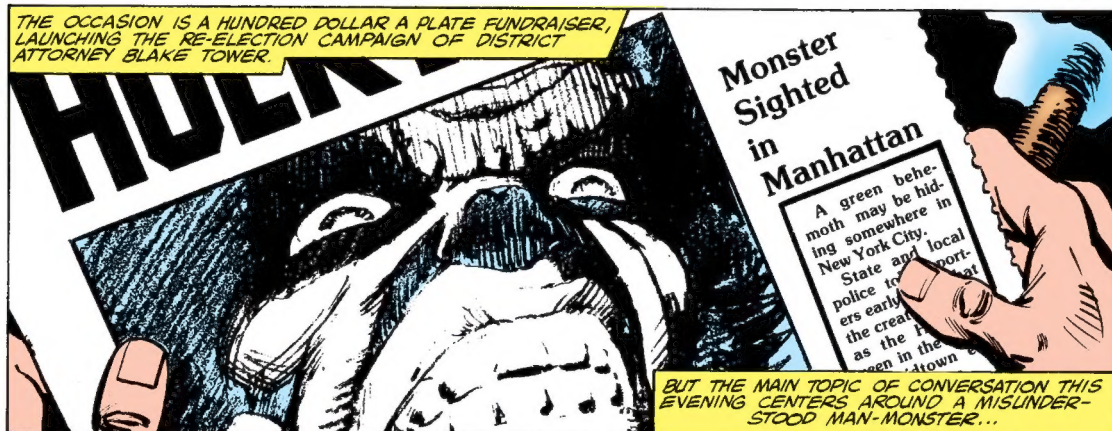




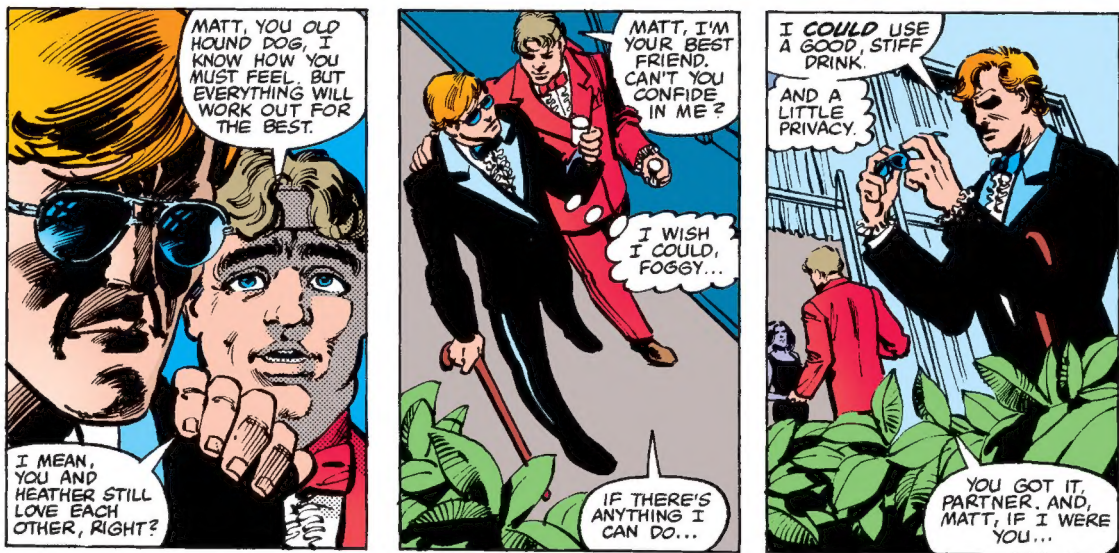
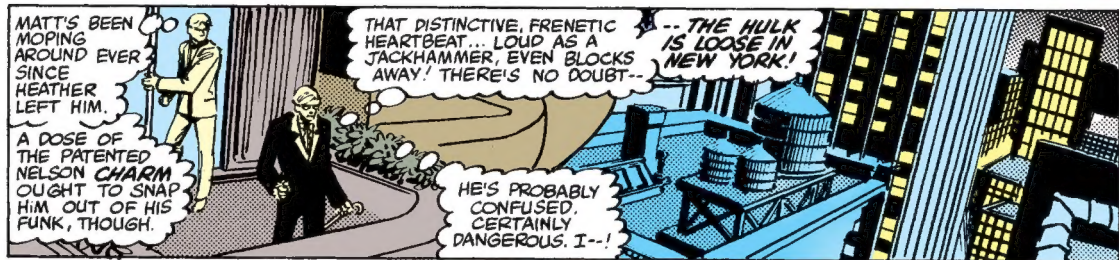
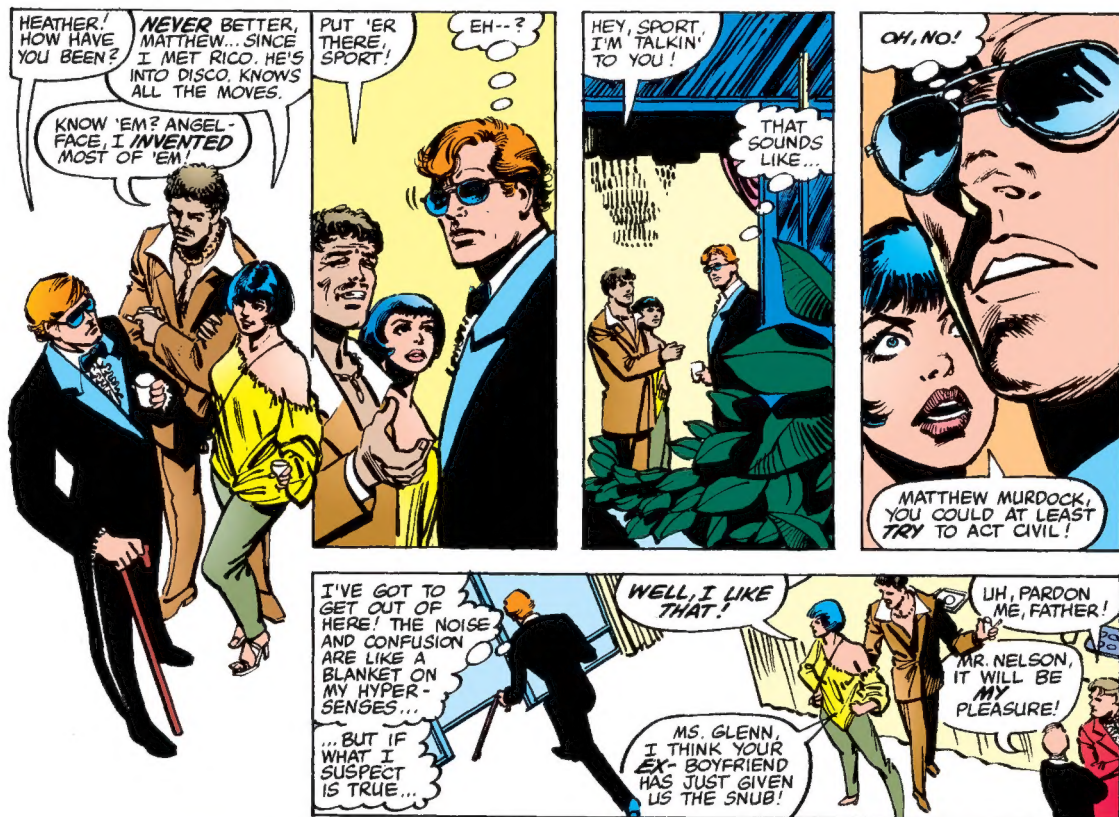
He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

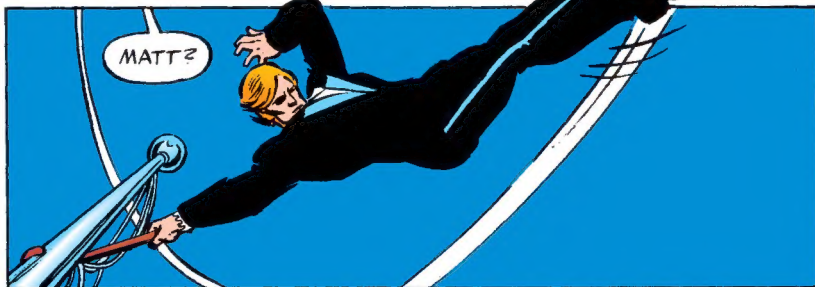
THE OCCASION IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR A PLATE FUNDRAISER, LAUNCHING THE RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BLAKE TOWER.











ONCE AGAIN, BLIND ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK HAS BEEN FORCED TO PUT HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS ASIDE -- TO RACE WITH THE SPEED AND AGILITY OF A DARE-DEVIL...



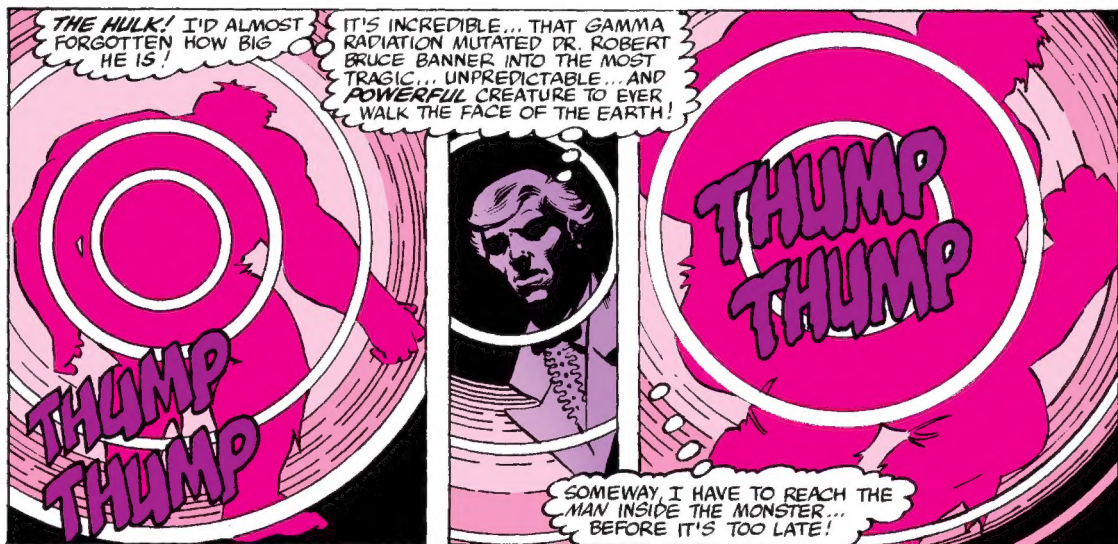
...DOWN DARK, LITTER-STREWN BACKSTREETS, AS HIS UNIQUE RADAR-SENSE GUIDES HIM LINERLY ALONG A TRAIL OF WANTON DESTRUCTION.



...UNTIL, AT LAST...



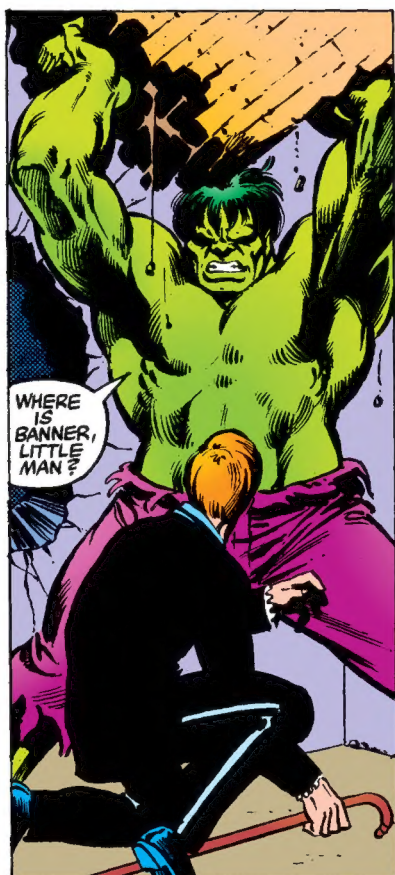




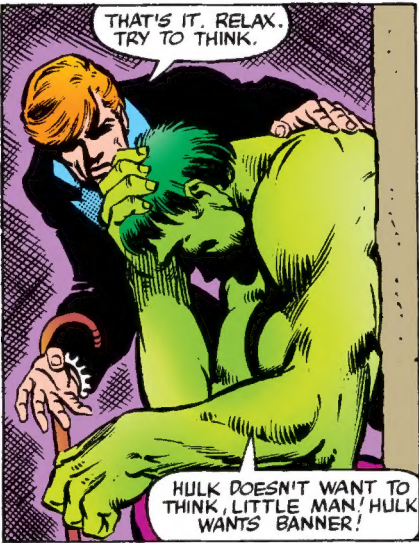




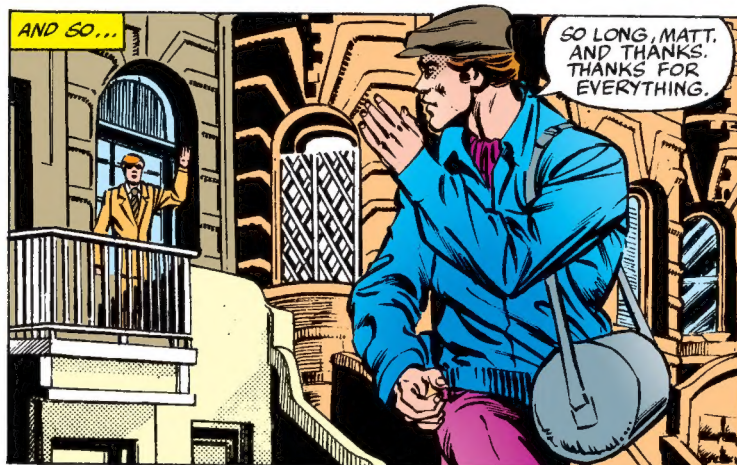
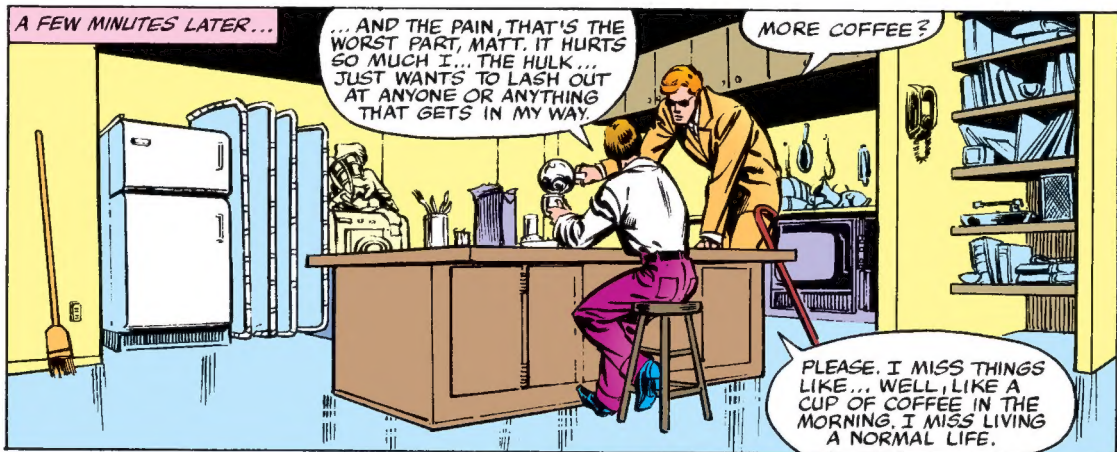










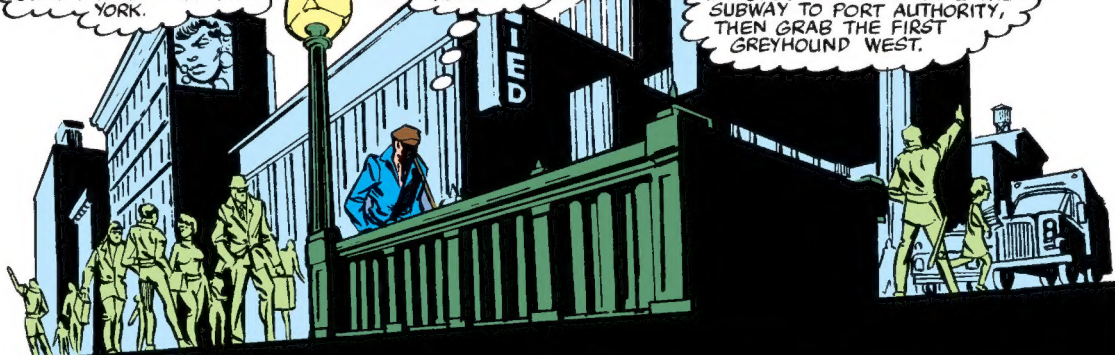




IT HELPED ME, TALKING TO MATT. I FEEL GOOD. AND I'LL FEEL EVEN BETTER ONCE I'M OUT OF NEW YORK.

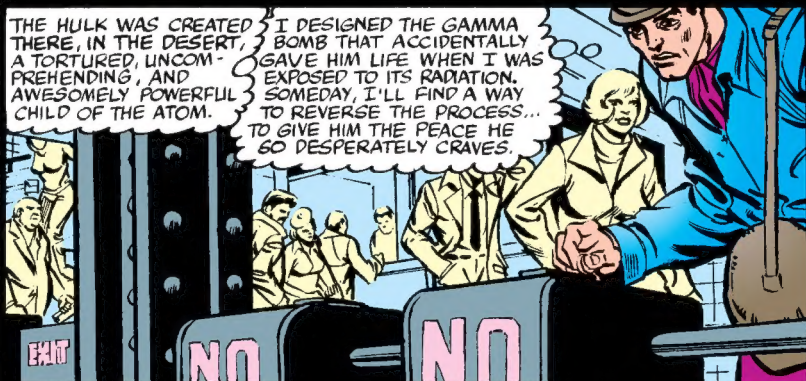
IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO SEND THE HULK ON A RAMPAGE HERE--

-- BUT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN. NOT IF I JUST TAKE IT EASY AND DO THIS BY THE NUMBERS. MY BEST BET IS TO TAKE THE SUBWAY TO FORT AUTHORITY, THEN GRAB THE FIRST GREYHOUND WEST.



THE HULK WAS CREATED THERE, IN THE DESERT, A TORTURED, UNCOMPREHENDING, AND AWESOMELY POWERFUL CHILD OF THE ATOM.

I DESIGNED THE GAMMA BOMB THAT ACCIDENTALLY GAVE HIM LIFE WHEN I WAS EXPOSED TO ITS RADIATION. SOMEDAY, I'LL FIND A WAY TO REVERSE THE PROCESS... TO GIVE HIM THE PEACE HE SO DESPERATELY CRAVES.



I WISH I COULD HANDLE MY HANDICAP AS WELL AS MATT HANDLES HIS. HE LOST HIS SIGHT, BUT BECAUSE OF THE HULK, I'VE LOST EVERYTHING. THE WOMAN I LOVE, MY CAREER...

EVEN MY HUMANITY.



BUT IF IT'S HUMANITY BRUCE WANTS, HE FINDS PLENTY AS THE #6 LOCAL SCREECHES TO A HALT, AND THE RUSH HOUR CROWD ELBOWS HIM ONTO AN ALREADY PACKED CAR.



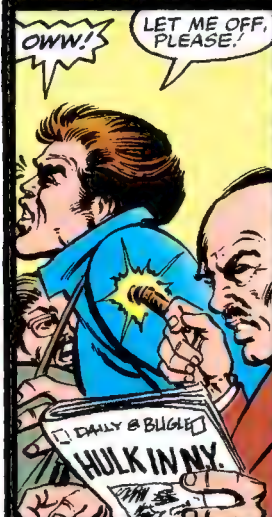
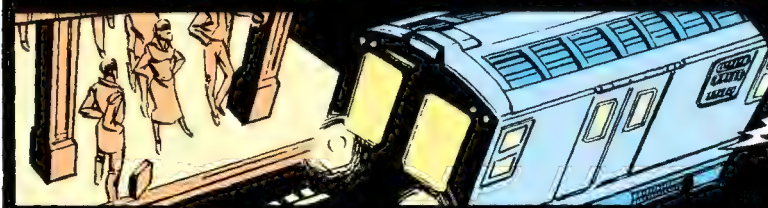
THE TRIP DOWNTOWN SHOULD ONLY TAKE TWENTY MINUTES, TOPS

BUT IT SEEMS A LIFETIME.

==KOFF==  
==KOFF==



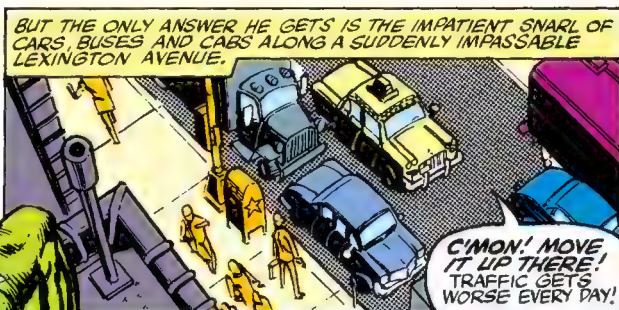






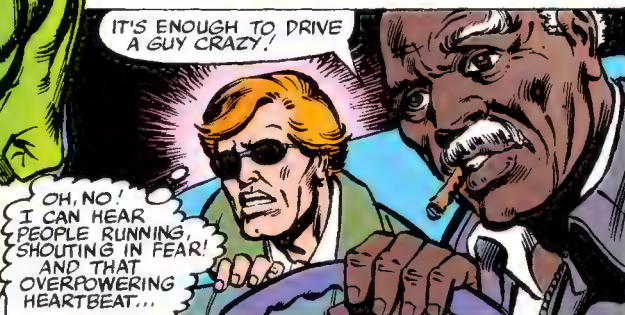


LET HULK OUT OF HERE!



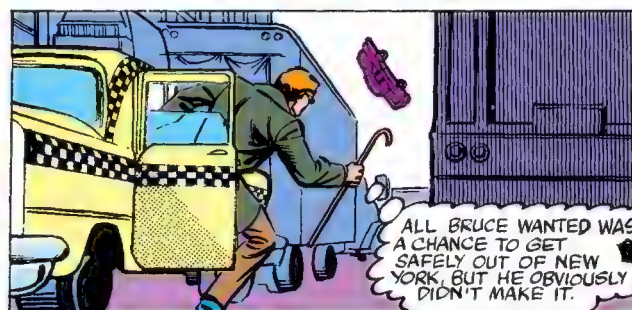
BUT THE ONLY ANSWER HE GETS IS THE IMPATIENT SNARL OF CARS, BUSES AND CABS ALONG A SUDDENLY IMPASSABLE LEXINGTON AVENUE.

C'MON! MOVE IT UP THERE! TRAFFIC GETS WORSE EVERY DAY!



IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A GUY CRAZY!

OH, NO! I CAN HEAR PEOPLE RUNNING, SHOUTING IN FEAR! AND THAT OVERPOWERING HEARTBEAT...

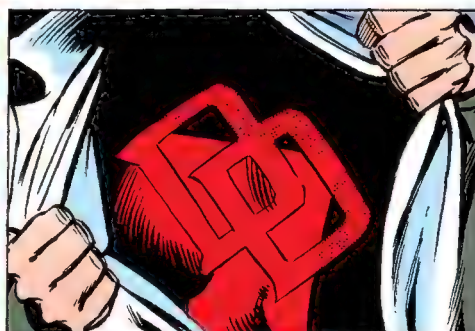


ALL BRUCE WANTED WAS A CHANCE TO GET SAFELY OUT OF NEW YORK, BUT HE OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T MAKE IT.



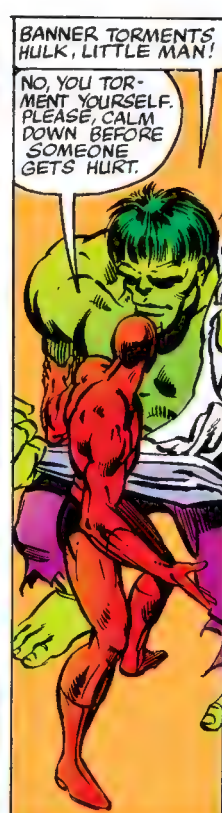
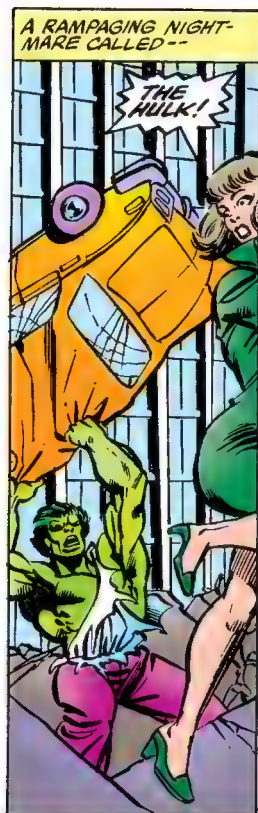
AND NEITHER DID THE HULK.

QUICKLY PAYING HIS FARE, MATT GLIPS UNSEEN AND LINES INTO THE SHADOWS OF A SPRAWLING METROPOLIS THAT HAS AWAKENED TO A NIGHTMARE.

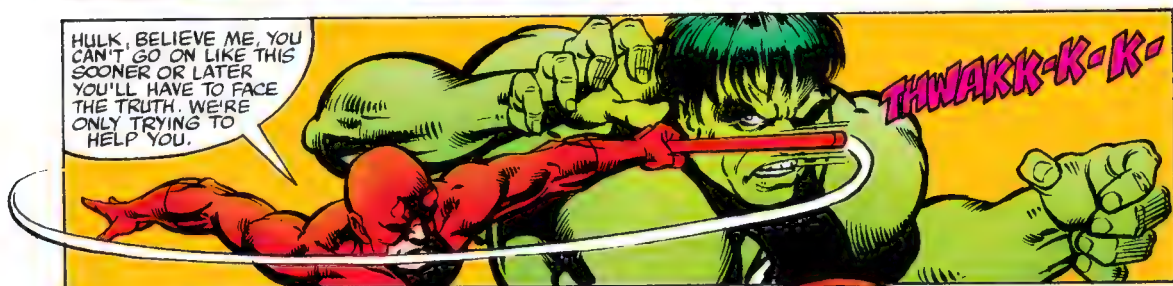
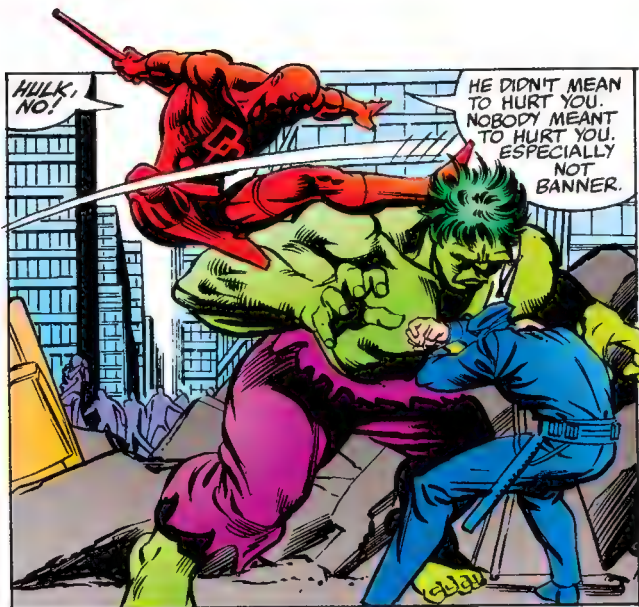


THE MAN-CREATURE THAT MOMENTS AGO WAS DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER BELLOWED HIS DEMAND AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS... AND THE END OF HIS PATIENCE.

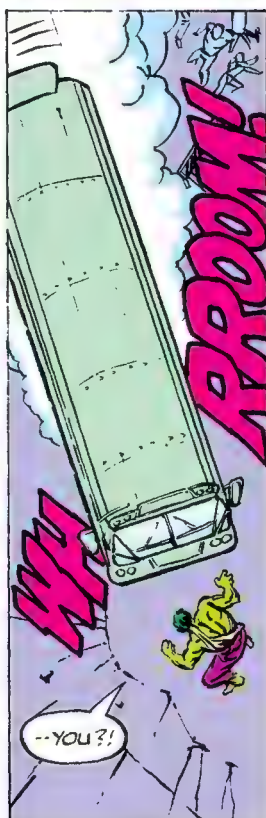
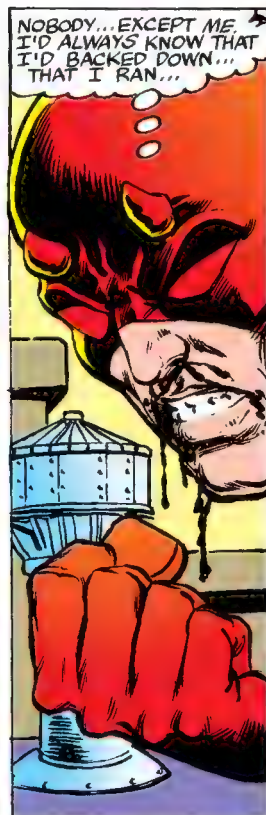
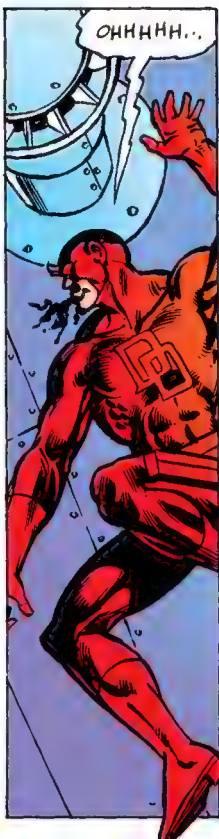
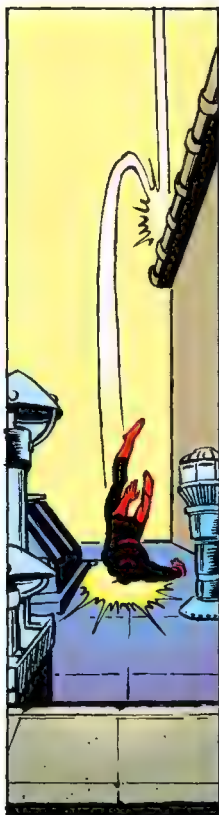




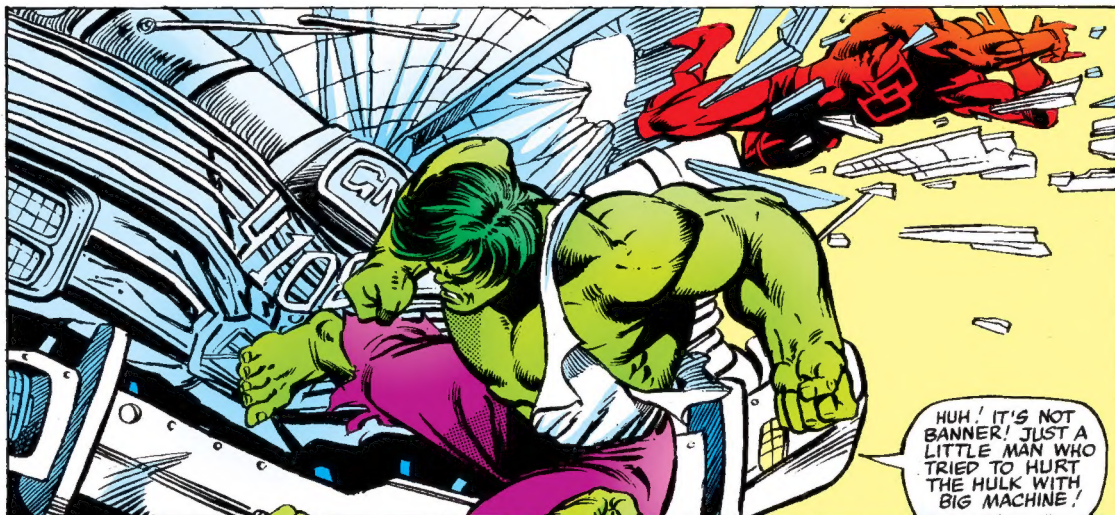




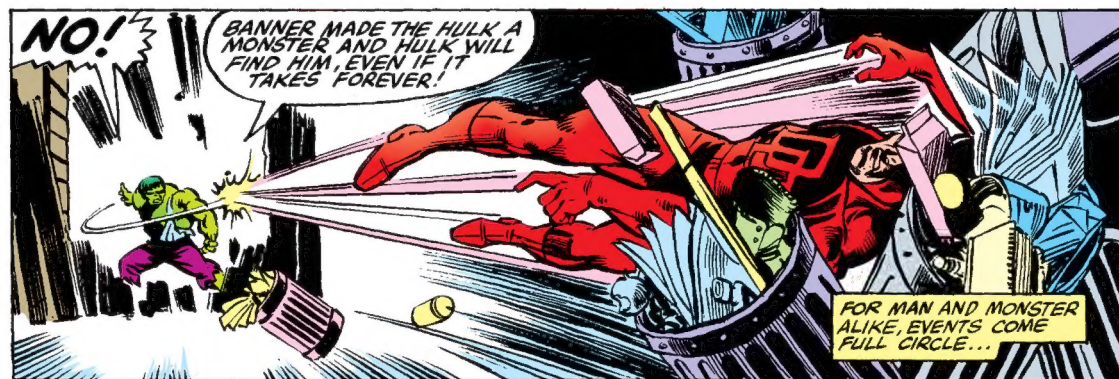
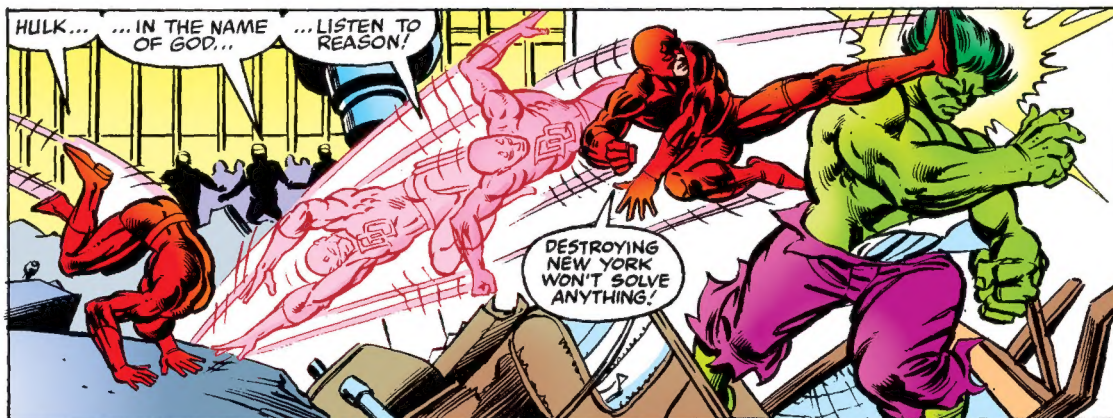












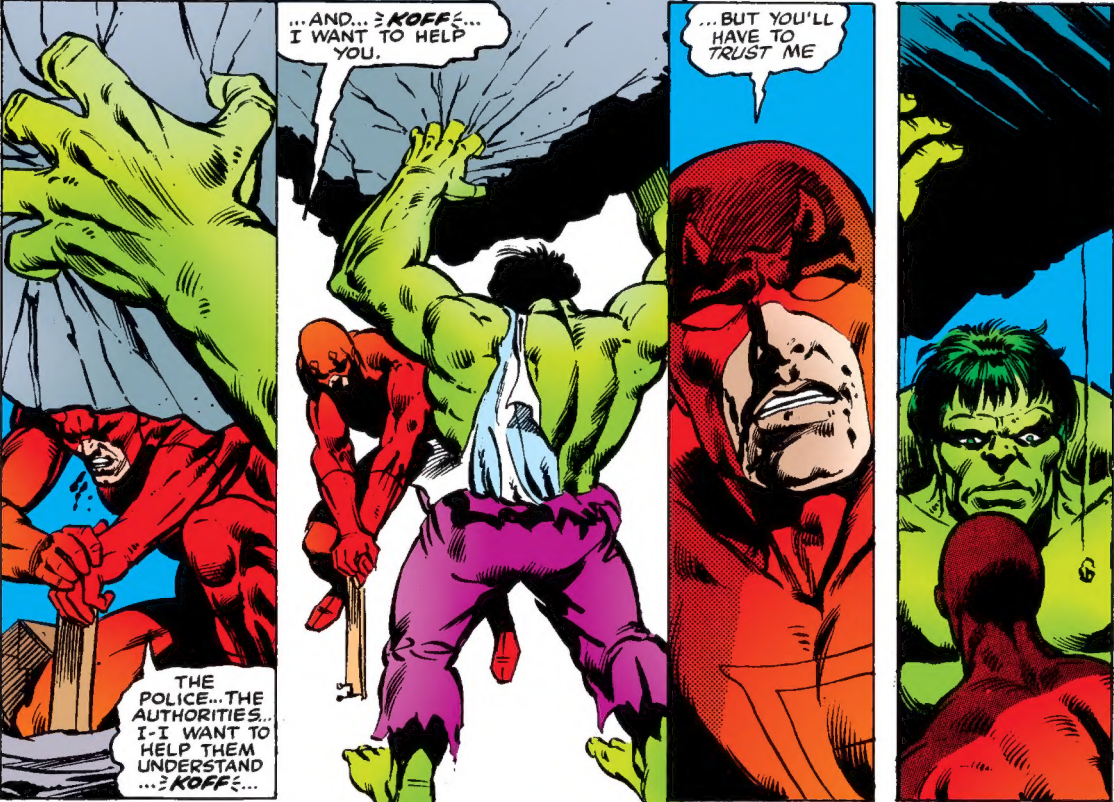




...RETURNING, IN THE  
END, TO THE BLIND  
ALLEY WHERE THEY  
BEGAN...

HULK...:KOFF:...  
YOU WON'T FIND  
BANNER...:KOFF:...  
...THIS WAY.

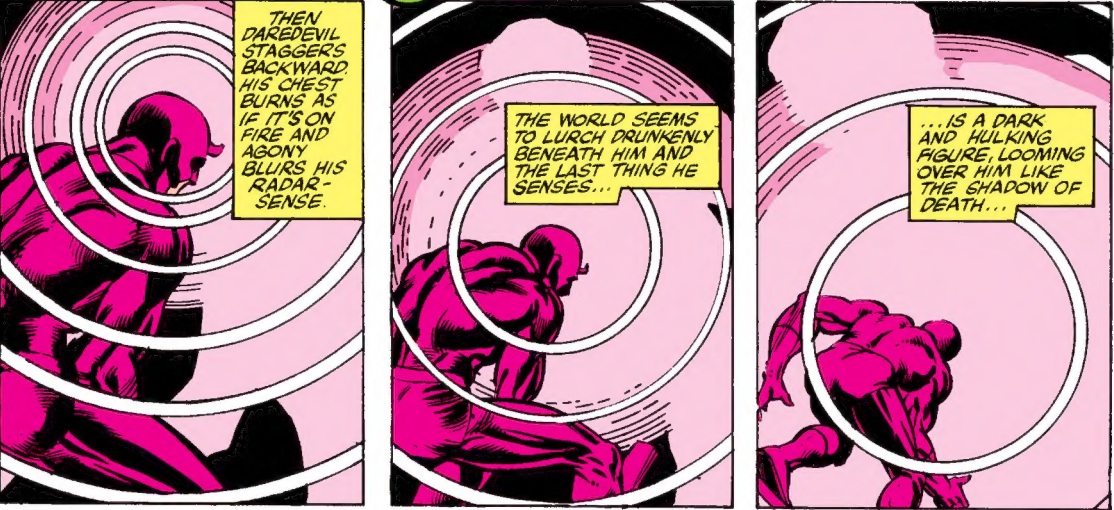
YOU CAN'T...:KOFF:...  
FIND BANNER THIS  
WAY.



...AND...:KOFF:...  
I WANT TO HELP  
YOU.

...BUT YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
TRUST ME

THE  
POLICE...THE  
AUTHORITIES...  
I-I WANT TO  
HELP THEM  
UNDERSTAND  
...:KOFF:...  
...



THEN  
DAREDEVIL  
STAGGERS  
BACKWARD  
HIS CHEST  
BURNS AS  
IF IT'S ON  
FIRE AND  
AGONY  
BLURS HIS  
RADAR-  
SENSE.

THE WORLD SEEMS  
TO LURCH DRUNKENLY  
BENEATH HIM AND  
THE LAST THING HE  
SENSES...

...IS A DARK  
AND HULKING  
FIGURE, LOOMING  
OVER HIM LIKE  
THE SHADOW OF  
DEATH...

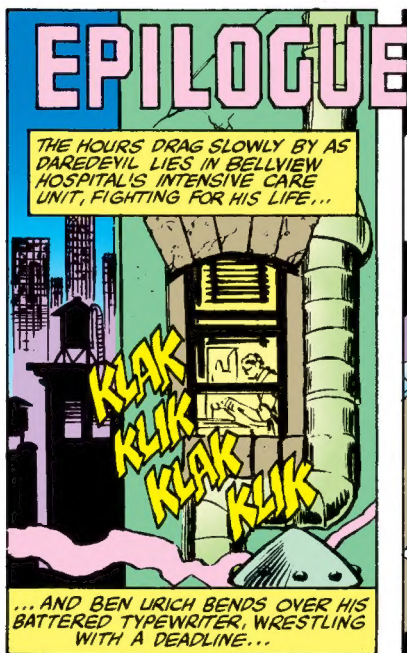




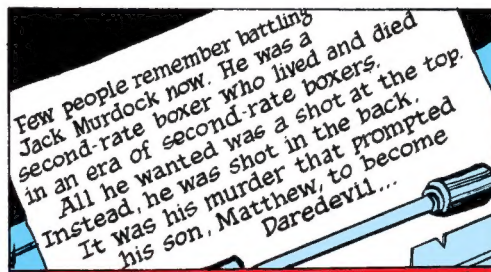
"YEAH, I DID! HE STALKED RIGHT PAST ME! HE'S PROBABLY MILES FROM HERE BY NOW! AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON HIS FACE..."



"...LIKE HE'D JUST LOST HIS ONLY FRIEND..."



... AND BEN URICH BENDS OVER HIS BATTERED TYPEWRITER, WRESTLING WITH A DEADLINE...



Few people remember battling Jack Murdock now. He was a second-rate boxer who lived and died in an era of second-rate boxers. All he wanted was a shot at the top. Instead, he was shot in the back. It was his murder that prompted his son, Matthew, to become Daredevil...

**NEXT: THE DAREDEVIL EXPOSE!**